1926

Mr. Barrington Gates (the Nation reviewer) says may he take a whole column for The Land, as in his opinion this 'so outstanding' that it should not be lumped in with others – Sasha, Laura Goldstalk to wit. So there! He's going to have a column.

V.W.

Next Tuesday (14th) seems
the only day. I could come to town.
What about the week after?

Yes, I would like to come to the
Tchekov. Will you dine here?
More reviews? More praise?

VW.

Thursday

52 Tavistock Square, London, w.c.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621.

God knows which alternative: the telephone & by Lady Gerald unnerved me completely.

Answer these questions:

1. How is your cold?
2. Are you dining here on Monday? Could you come early?
3. Are you dining with Colefax on 28th?
4. Could we leave plans till Monday? I'd like to come & see alone, sometime.

We can't come this weekend, as we go to Cambridge, damn it.

Your Nahum reviews days you are interior to no living poet.

Look at this, just come. Yrs. V.W.

P.T.O.

I dined last night with a great admirer of yours
Oliver Strachey who begs to meet you.
If you haven't got tickets for Tchekov on Monday,
why not hurtle off, dine here, & I'll ask him?
Or we get another day.

NYPL

52 Tavistock Square

We hope, & expect, you to dine with
us on Friday to meet Oliver.
Come early & meet Virginia.
Then perhaps, God willing, you'll
motor us down; Leonard says
he must go Sunday night. May I
stay till Monday?
Dazed & mazed with Ozzie
songs - fountains, Carlades,
Catacombs - shrieks through all
one steadfast stair-like: her
Cheeks, chin, Greatness, fondness -
Oh my God I cried at last,
there's another woman whose name
begins with L in the room!

He was like an old ~~[illegible]~~ Badger,
pouched & bristling, & we hobnobbed
like old Crones over the fire, &
forgot & forgave, but raked up
cinders embers, & burnt our
fingers, sometimes. — Dotty Gerry
Clive — your mother — as you
can imagine.

But come, dearest creature, —
I wish — Give you one chaste
Kiss.

Your K.C.

Come to tea on Wednesday, do please,
to meet Sibyl.

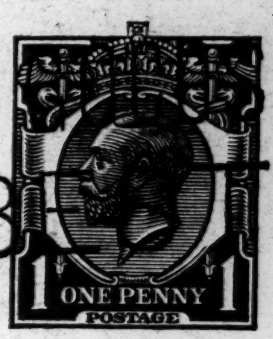
I'm having such a week of
Conversations — mostly
about you.

My letters about Persia!

POST CARD

BRITISH

ARE B



Mrs Mrs
Mrs Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent.

NYPL

When
Come to tea tomorrow, Thurs
Wednesday
an angel. at 4 Clive. Lloyd
George
No, I'm not asked to Ethels, all
Heaven consume her implore
Expect you Junior Friday
anyhow.
& to take us for week end,
~~Nellie~~ & Fanny —
but What about Gipsy?

VW.

intense curiosity about death? Yet if I'm persuaded of anything, it is of mortality. Then why this sense that death is going to be a great excitement? - something positive, active?

52 Tavistock Sq.

Yr VW.

You are a miracle of discretion - one letter in another. I never thought of that. I'll answer when I see you - the mistakes, I mean. No dear, Sybil has given me a headache. What a bore! I can't write, except to you. I lie in a chair. It is not bad; but I feel you, to get your sympathy, to make you protect me; to implore you to devise some way by which I can leave this incessant nibbling away of life by people: Sybil, Sir Arthur, Dadie - one a bite of another. Why do I hurt it on you? Some psychological necessity I suppose: one of those intimate things in a relationship which one does by instinct. I'm rather a coward about this pain in my back: you would be heroic. But I don't want to live for ever at Rodmell with Mr. Bartholomew.

She is a woman of the world; Sybil Colefax. To me an almost unknown type. Every value is different. Friendship, let alone intimacy, is impossible. Yet I respect, even admire. Why did she come, I kept wondering: felt so gauche, & yet utterly indifferent. This is a type one never speaks the truth to her. She skated over everything, evaded, halted, compromised; yet is fundamentally kind & good. It's odd,

for me, who have some gift for intimacy, to be non plussed entirely.

But you dont see, Donkey West, that you'll be tired of me
one of these days (I'm so much older) & so I have to take my
utter precautions. That's why I put the emphasis on 'recording'
rather than feeling. But Donkey West knows the heart
broken down more rampant than anyone. And isn't there
something obscure in you? There's something that you
doesn't vibrate in you. It may be purposely — you dont let it: but
I see it with the people, as well as with me: something reserved, muted,
dulled - God knows what. Well, well, compare this 19th
Nov - with last, & you'll admit there's a difference. This is your
sometimes fails you there too. NYPL I wish I were with you at Lancy Barn.
In why does Bridges say my essays are poor, & Mr Dickins say
I'm the finest critic in English literature? I cannot believe
that anybody has ever been so mis-rated as I am: &
it makes it much harder to go full tilt at fiction or essays:
Let them damn my novels, & I'll do essays: damn essays & I'll do novels.
You - in a whole glib lies mes per Hopis cat: of course I shall
go on doing precisely what I want. Only with me two inches in
the fog are so tremendously susceptible. Darling Donkey
West — will you come at 2.30 — to the Press, I think; & then
how nice! I shall lie on the sofa & be spoilt. But my pain is
going already. Was Irene nicer than I am? Do you know
this interesting fact: I found myself thinking with

P.S. 3. Pm

The flowers have come, & are adorable, darling, tortured, pathetic-ally like yr. - and I've had lunch. - feel even so much better, & have read my letter, & am ashamed of its egotism, & feel tempted to tear it up. But have no time to write another. And don't I lecture you nicely! That's what comes of attacking your hero Virginia & dog Grizzle. They bite instantly.

But at the same time they adore: & if you hadn't the eyes of a newt & the blood of a toad, you'd see it, & not need telling. -